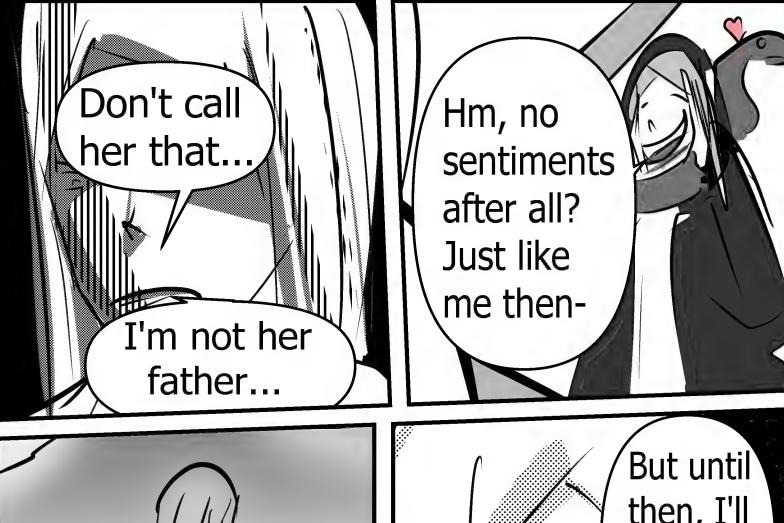


Death must offer a good severance package

tch, things like that don't matter to me, not anymore

Oh right, they all must pale in comparision to your little adopted daughter, how cute!





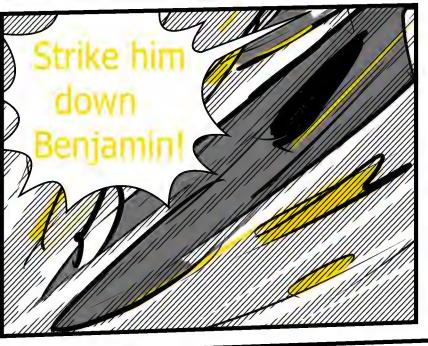


That's how you justified working for Arachne before?

Then join me, I'll give you protection...



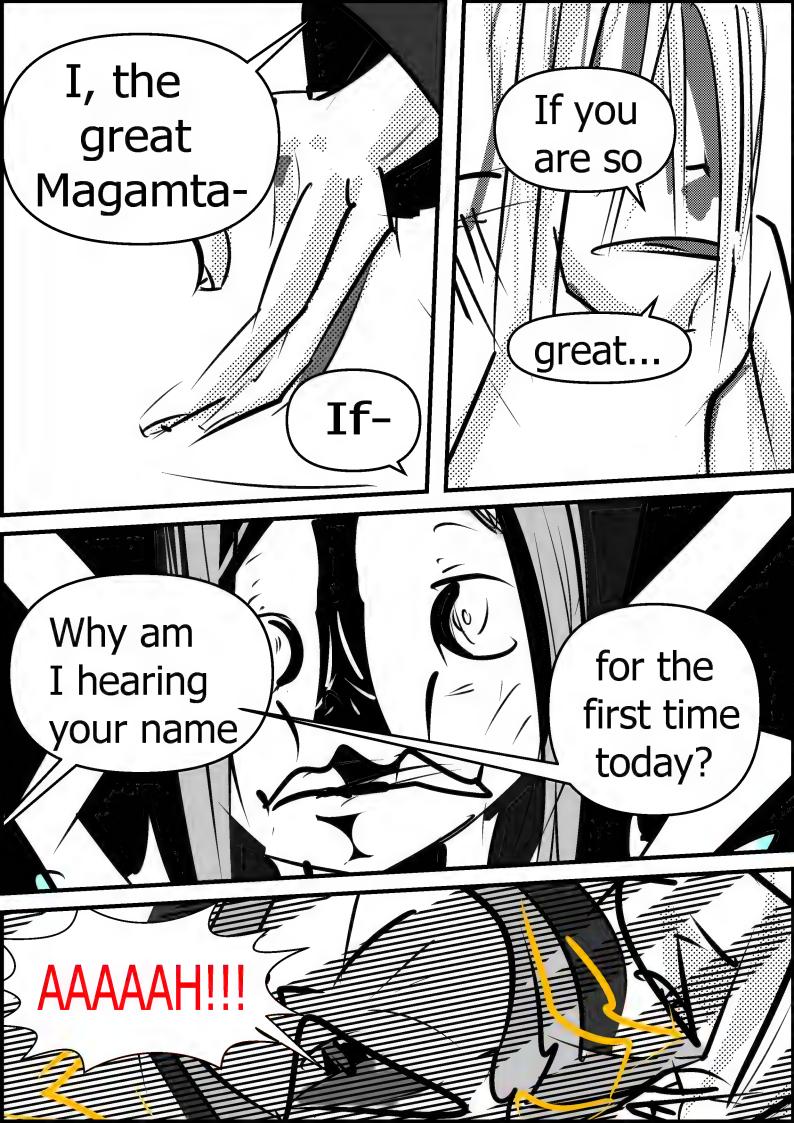








Same mistake? Think I'm not good enough, huh?!



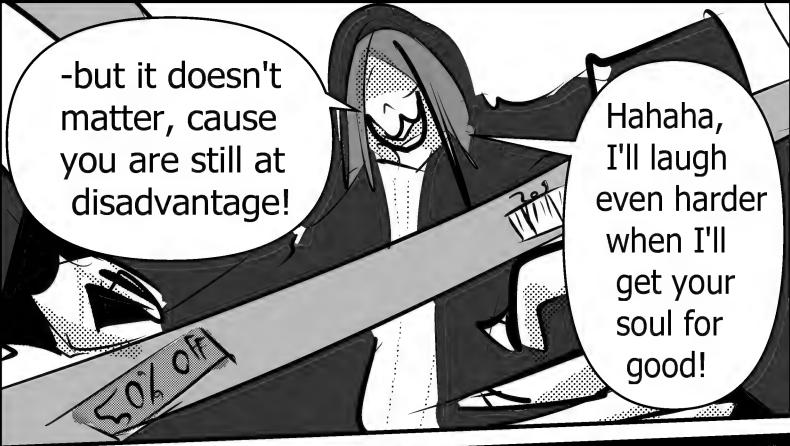






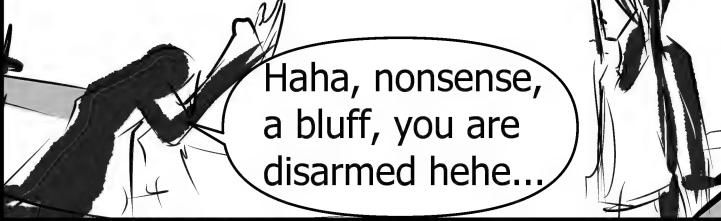
No, At least I didn't need to waste 9 months carrying you like I did with that eternal shame!



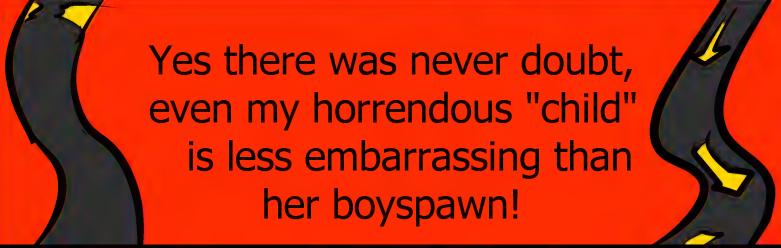


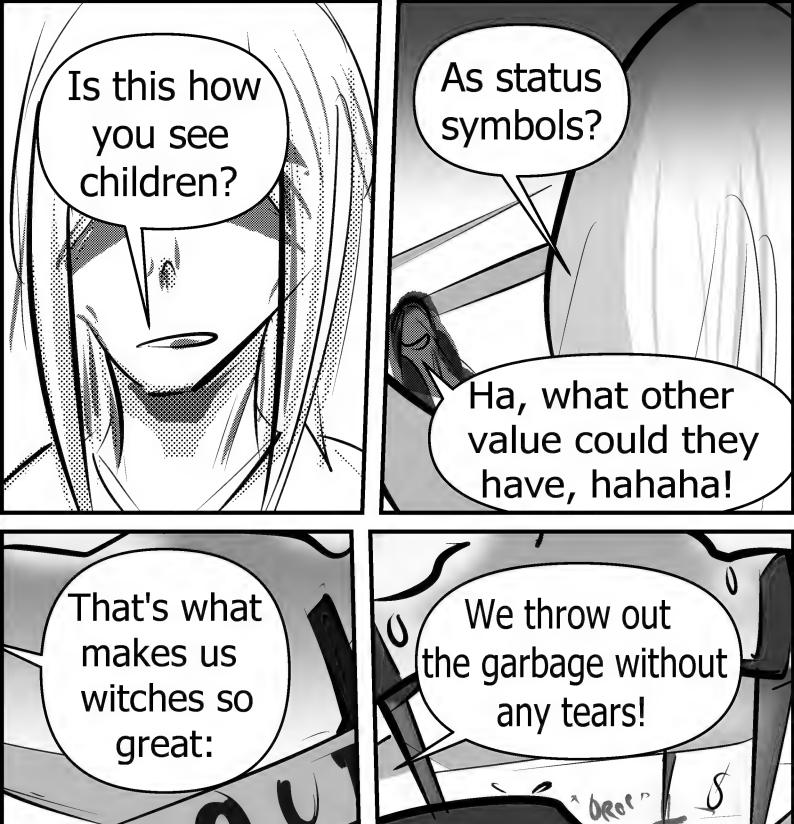










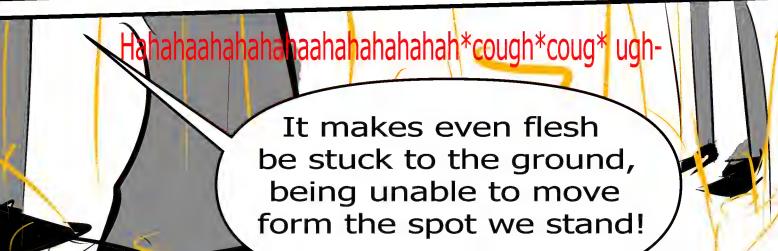




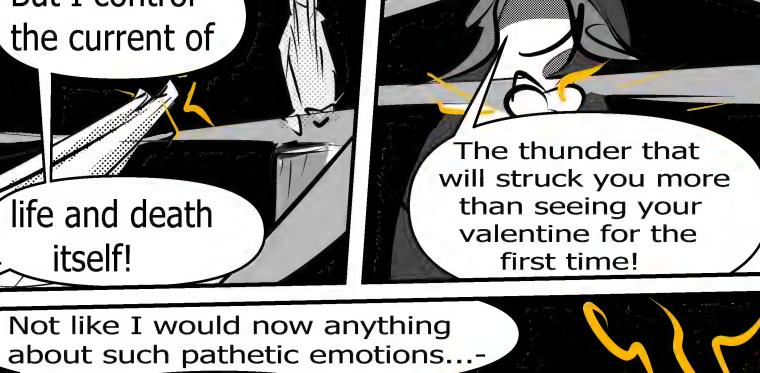




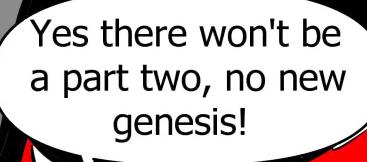












No children, no progeny to dance on your grave and party once you die....

Not even real apprentices to carry on your style,



how does it feel while you're one minute to midnight?

All your steel will return to earth, does it make you cry tears saltier than the waters of Nazareth?

I would, YOU

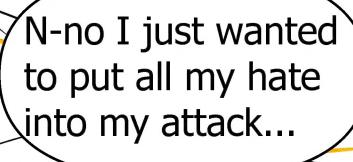


had an infinty of blades:

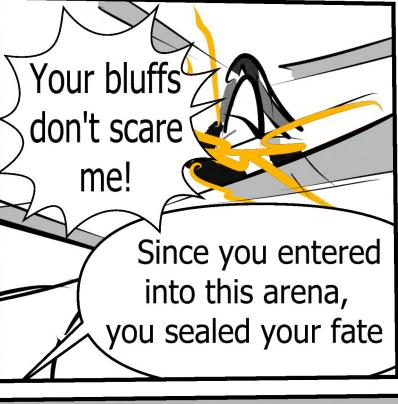


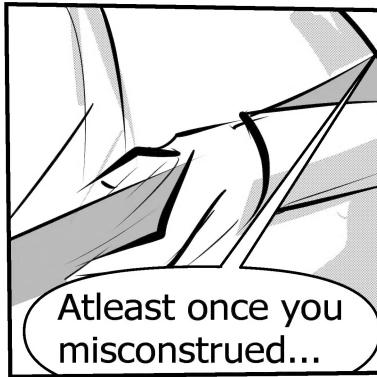
Yet I'm the one to deliver the final strike!





Hm, then I should have ended this five sentences ago...





That the secret of my style

